CALIFUR IV

IRVINE, CA - MAY 16TH TO 18TH, 2008

GUESTS OF HONOR - KEOVI & KITSUMI

SPECIAL GUEST - STEAM FOX

Table of Contents

Chairmans Message 1
Guests of Honor..... 2
The Verentti Chronicles..... 6
Local Town Hero.....14
Inventors Take Heed.....15
The Future Ain't What it Used to Be.....18
Trash Talk.....23
Staff.....29
Patrons.....30

Chairman's Message

Hello All Inventors,

I would like to welcome to all our old and new inventors from near and from far away. We are paying homage to all inventors, creators, and professionals. This year's theme is Steam Punk at CaliFur.

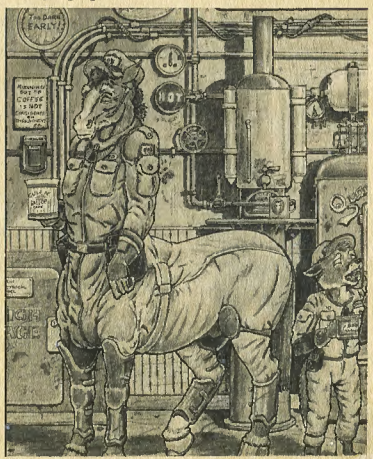
For our ever growing event, we hope that all our inventors this year love our new hotel that has more space to stretch out and invent in. We have wonderful events and functions set up that we hope everyone will love. We would love everyone to joins us this next year for our Safari theme.

I would like to thank everyone that has been helping out CaliFur throughout the year and during the convention. I also want to give a big Thank You to all the people that have come out for this year's CaliFur and their support over the years. Without all the support from you guys we would not be able to continue growing and expanding every year. I hope to continue seeing all the wonderful people and all the new friends we hope to make over the years to come.

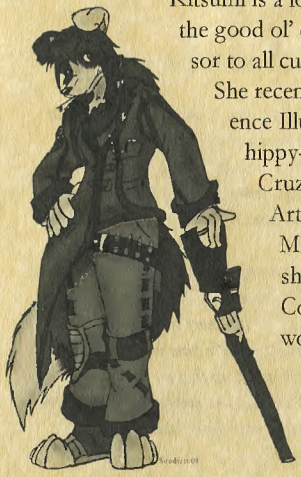
Can not wait to see everyone Next Year!!

Zsa'nene (Zee) Stevens
aka TigerEyes

CaliFur Chairwoman



Kitsumi



Kitsumi is a long-time fandom artist, dating back to the good ol' days of FurryMUCK and the precursor to all current cons, ConFurence.

She recently graduated from UCSC's Science Illustration grad program based in the hippy-friendly beach town known as Santa Cruz, where she also earned her BA in Art. Currently she's working on her MFA in Animation at UCLA (though she'll always be a banana slug at heart!). Comics and manga have influenced her work to some degree.

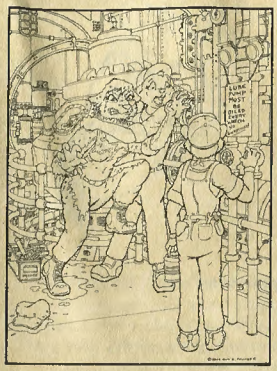
Kitsumi prefers working in traditional mediums, and probably wouldn't touch digital medium with a 10-foot pole if she had her way. She favors cro-quill or brushes to ink, and watercolors. Some of her artwork is published in the Ironclaw line of RPGs (Ironclaw and Jadeclaw, and supplements Rinaldi and Phelan).

Her art can be found at her artspots , or Furaffinity pages. She currently resides somewhere in Los Angeles with her house rabbit, chow dog, canary and sun conure. She likes gardening, fishing, archery, kung fu, and noodles.

Keovi

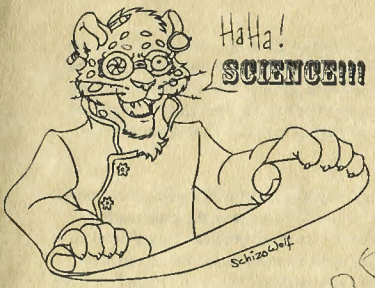
Born and raised on the East Coast, Keovi has spent the past few years living in the endearingly dreary Pacific Northwest, working jobs as diverse as ice cream vending, veterinary work, and freelance illustration. After taking a break from school for a year, she plans to get back into the art school scene at the Laguna College of Art and Design this fall.

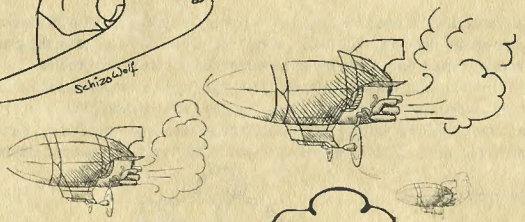
Roy D. Pounds "Steamfox"

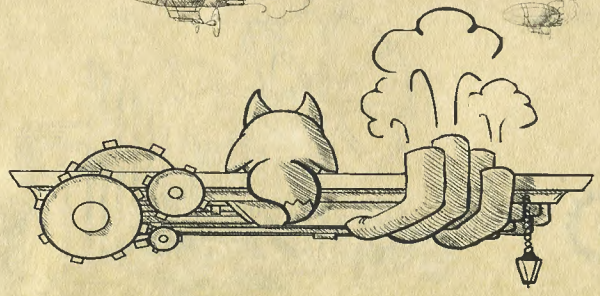


Roy D. Pounds II aka "Steamfox" has been involved in drawing "Furry" art and comics since the late 1980s. His unique blend of cartoon like Anthropomorphic Animal characters working on or in complex mechanical environments blends draftsman style precision with freehand art and often a touch of Whimsey.

As a devoted Historian and "Steam Nut," Roy has visited many sites throughout the country such as Historic Ships and Railway Museums. Roy's work can be seen on his Fur Affinity "Steamfox" webpage, and in several publications such as North American Fur, and South Fur Lands.







In the engine room the sirens blared, red lights flashed from various consoles while the deck plates vibrated roughly. Ratchet scrambled to the console in hopes of discovering the problem, his eyes scanned the gauges, knobs and blinking lights. His eyes focused on the panel, while his fingers quickly turned dials and toggled switches.

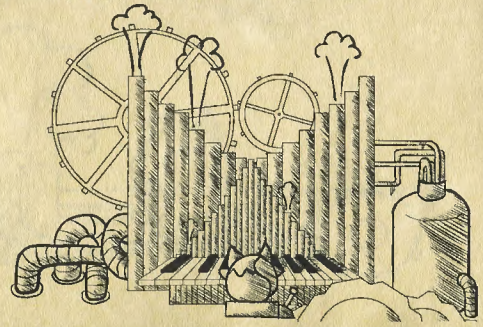
"Ratchet, what the hell is happening down there?" a voice boomed over the rooms intercom. "It's nothing Captain. Just a minor setback" Ratchet called out—his eyes never leaving the panel. A second siren sounded, as behind him a pipe burst letting a quick jet of steam escape.

"Ah ha!" Ratchet thought to himself as he ran from the panel to the back of the engine room, hopping to the ladder that led down to the lower engine decks. Gripping the side bars with his paws and putting his feet to either side, he slid down the ladder. As his head lowered pass the first engine deck, a wave of sparks flew overhead. Ratchet slid down past the second deck. Once he reached the third he closed his grip and came to a quick halt. He quickly jumped from the ladder and scurried across the room and dodged around an assortment of different equipment.

"Come on baby. Just hold on," he said as he moved through an open hatchway, "Ratchet is here for ya." Ratchet came to a dead stop before a large machine that took up half the room, and reached up through the ceiling into the deck above. Pistons moved in and out while electricity flew between conductors. The machine was the Flux Core. Though not a main power producer for the ships systems, its purpose was to hold and maintain the airship's power reserves in a stable state.

Ratchet scanned it over. He pulled out a wrench, hopped up and with a quick paw grabbed a pipe on the side of the Core. He swung around to a small ledge on the giant machine. His paws were a blur of motion as he scrambled to correct the problem. He pulled more tools from his belt, his tail whipping around giving him a much needed third paw as he quickly worked to fix the malfunction. Ratchet knew he didn't have long. If the Flux Core shut down while the airship was in flight the secondary systems would fail, causing the ship to plummet—or even worse, explode in a fiery ball of steam and shrapnel.

The sirens stopped



wailing and the red warning lights blinked off as main lights flickered back on and pressure gauges returned to normal. Ratchet took a rag from the pocket of his overalls, wiped his furry forehead, and crawled down carefully from the Flux Core to replace the tools in his belt.

"Ratchet, Report!" the Captain's voice sounded again.

"Like I said Captain, it was nothing, just a minor malfunction with the Flux Core," Ratchet replied as he walked towards the stairs to the flight deck.

The doors of the bridge opened, the captain turned in his chair and looked to the doorway. "Why is it every time there is a ship-threatening problem on this ship, you say it's just a minor problem?"

Ratchet stepped out from the passage and smirked, "Because, nothing is too big for me to handle, and thus everything is minor."

Standing before the hatchway was a Rat, his furs a light grey with the tell tale spots of engine stains and cuts. His eyes beamed bright red, and his ears both came to a rounded point. His paw fingers were long and thin, caked in the grime of the dirty engines. The furless tail that poked out a hole in his suit waved behind him—long, slender and flexible. Ratchet wore simple clothing; dark blue, jumpsuit style overalls, with more pockets than one would care to count. Each one held a tool or gizmo of some variety. Around his waist and slung over one shoulder, like a suspender crossing over his chest, was a utility belt, filled to bursting with more tools. His clothing was well stained with the greases and oils from years of engine work and repairs.

The Captain smirked, "So you say, and always seem to prove. Go take a break. You deserve it."

"Righty-O' Captain," Ratchet spoke, as he pulled out a crumpled piece of paper from a pocket and tossed it to the Captain. "Here's a list of items I need to do some minor repairs to the ship: transformers, fuses, energy conductors and such. Next stop we need to pick those items up".

Catching the wad of paper, the Captain un-crumpled it and quickly looked over it. "Alright, I'll look it over and see what we can scrounge up." With that Ratchet turned back through the hatchway, and headed off closing the door behind him.

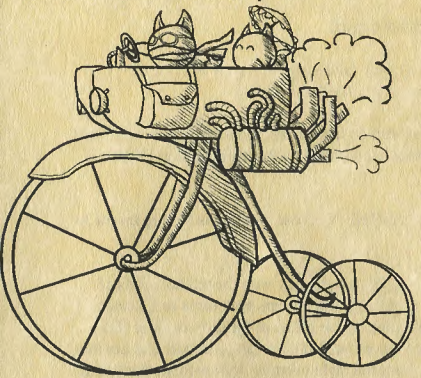
The Captain turned his chair back to face the forward window. The Captain was a tall short-furred Black Panther with deep blue eyes and a silver ring pierced through his left ear. Quickly reading over the wrinkled paper again, he placed it in his pocket. The Captain stood up and adjusted his shirt — a white, sleeveless linen covered by a brown, multi-pocketed vest. The pants he wore, a leathery brown shade, ruffled lightly as he walked towards the wheel station situated under the windows.

"Jayne, how's our course heading?" The Captain asked the slender rabbit standing at the wheel.

"Course is stable, on a North East heading; we should reach the Vera Plateau settlement in

2 hours, Captain." the golden furred rabbit confirmed.

"Good, though try to step up the speed if you could, our cargo is needed there, and there is a higher risk we will attract raiders the closer we get." The Captain replied in a concerned tone. Turning on his heel he headed towards the top deck.



The Captain walked out into the warm sunlight. The ship's lifter coils cracked and popped, from the underside of the ship, with the polarized electrical charge that kept the vessel aloft. He surveyed the distance around his airship as it soared over the mountains. In the distance he could see the Vera Plateau, it was close, but the mountains hid many raiders, and he could feel a trap nearby.

"Captain! Raiders spotted, starboard side!" a voice called out from further ahead the deck.

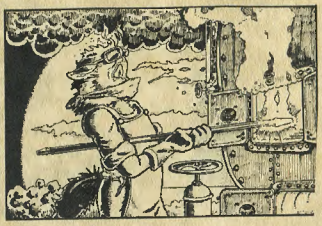
The Captain looked to the starboard side, and sure enough, swiftly approaching was another airship. There were no identifying marks, but only a raider would head straight towards another vessel at such a high speed.

"All hands, ready battle stations!" the Captain called out, "All hands at the ready. Prime the bolt launchers and load the cannons."

A menagerie of people ran, scurried and dashed up from all over the ship. All of

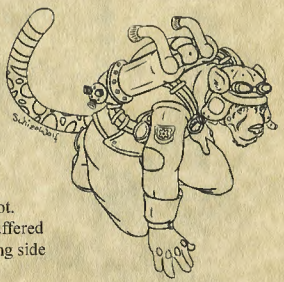
Sara Leedom 2007

them moved to cannons of varying types, some long and slender, while others short and stout. Some crew turned cranks and pulled levers, while others loaded the stout cannons.



The raiders' vessel maneuvered quickly and matched pace with its prey. Its cannons were armed and aimed ready. The raider Captain, a tall ferret, called over "Slow your vessel, and prepare to be boarded. We will take that cargo of yours, or else we will blow you to the canyon floor!"

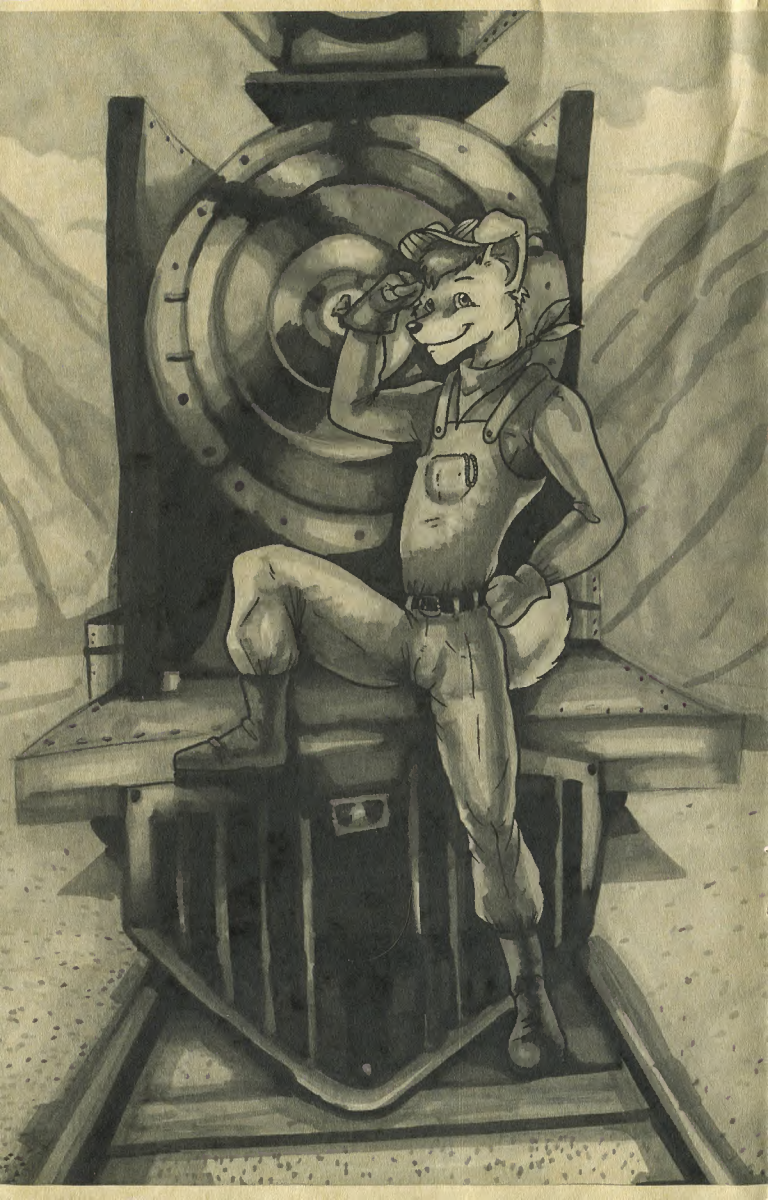
The Captain looked over his crew, ready and able, then to the raiders' vessel. He then called out, "Increase speed and fire on the raider!" With a cacophonous eruption his airship's stout cannons started to fire on the raider vessel, while bolts of blue lightning surged out from the slender ones. Wood and metal flew everywhere from the raiders' vessel as the cannons tore holes through it.



The raider vessel returned fire at its captain's command. Its armaments were a reasonable match, but its crews aim was not. Although there was damage, it wasn't nearly as bad as that suffered by the raiders' vessel. So far the raider vessel was on the losing side of the battle.

"Repeat fire!" the Captain called out again and another volley of shots ripped through the raider vessel. Wood splinters and chunks of metal fell from the ship. Blue arcs of lightning crossed the gap, one bolt striking a transformer causing fiery explosions to rage across the underside of the vessel. Some of the lifter coils were sheared off the hull as the wave of fire passed them by. The raider vessel's speed slowed suddenly as it lurched heavily to and fro, and began to sink towards the canyon floor. Hollers and screams were heard as it plummeted, but the Captain did not take pity.

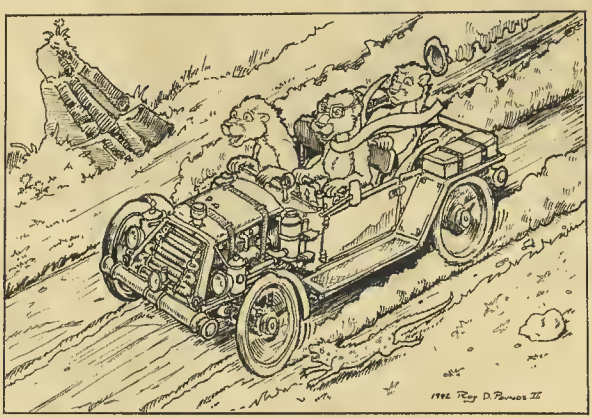
"Good firing, men! Now let's get to the Vera Plateau before another raider decides to take a crack at us," the Captain bellowed as the airship sailed off towards the plateau.



The new Ottermobile Gutlass Supreme

Picture yourself flying though a mountain road, the quiet hum of the steam powered 9.4 liter engine providing all of the power and speed your heart could desire. As the trees whisk by, you look down to admire the economy of your cruiser, so efficient you need only fill up ever 800 miles. The plush velour seats caressing your every contour and the luxurious dash beaming back at you as you trace a paw over its fine hickory wood finish....

You Obviously didnt buy the new Ottermobile



"Ottermobile"

The new Ottermobile Gutlass Supreme

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This time!

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GUESTS OF HONOR

Jeff Pidgeon, Pixar Animation Studios Story Artist

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LOCAL TOWN HERO

Samuel Ratski, loving father of 2 children and husband of our towns very own Felicity "Vix" Ratski was just awarded the metal of valor for his dareing rescue of the miners who were recently trapped by a cave in.

Witnesses who spoke with our reporter said during routine blasting for anthrocite, one of the walls caved in trapping several of the employees of the Hexon Energy Corp.

Samuel who was the shift leader on duty during the accident wasted no time in rescuing his fellow workers, quickly organizing local resources and co-operating with local authorities during the investigation.

According to reports, because of Mr. Ratski's fast action, only minor injuries were reported among the 17 workers that were trapped.

Samuel will be recieving an award from Mayor Croco and the entire towns appreciation during next weeks Spring Grape Festival, where residents are encouraged to bring any and all curious inventions to the new Mad Scientist Competition.

If you would like to show your appreciation for Mr Ratskis valor, or learn more about the Mad Scientist Competition, please contact Dinky McHampster at the local carnivore registry which will be serving as the checkin for the festival this year.

YOUNG INVENTORS TAKE HEED

Technology has come a long way. There was a time when a task as simple as say going to the next town was a true undertaking. When building a new dwelling took several men months just to make the material, let alone assemble it.

Where we were and where we are now are as different as night and day, and it's easy to overlook some of the simple accomplishments of man, in the grand scale of what was, what is, and what will be. Before you get lost in the myriad of science that surrounds us, take a moment to remember how we got there, who helped us, and what was the very first step in what would be an incredible journey.

We all have something great in us; we all have the ability to create ripples in the water and in doing so, help society progress. Everything you do affects the life of another around you. And for those of us that subscribe to the chaos theory, your simple act of kindness or generosity could affect the lives of many as opposed to the few, or the one.

This is something that plays out in all parts of nature. A Ripple in the pond disturbs a flock of geese; the creation of a special type of adhesive gives us the post-it note, which inspires us to invent the PDA and UMPC. Yeah it's obscure, but think of it this way, what if that guy invented the adhesive that was used on post-its was trying to return a favor of kindness that was offered to him by a stranger in the road?

Throughout your journey, which may be a century or more, remember to touch as many lives as you can with as much kindness as you can, one of those people may just invent the flying car because of you.

Then I would get my flying car.

Falcon...
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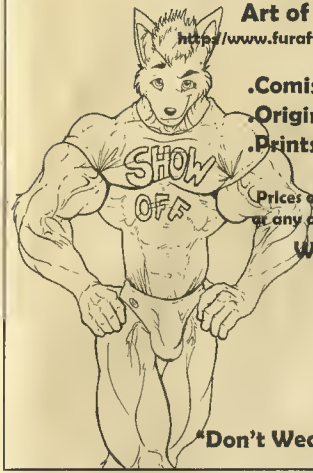
RainFurrest
Airlines
Fly Me,
to Seattle.
September 26-29th 2008
Seattle Airport Marriott
http://www.rainfurrest.com

Wear Fox Production

Art of Brian Wear

https://www.furaffinity.net/user/wolfgangcake/



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Prices on commissions, and prints, and originals or any other question can contact Brian Wear at:

Wolfgangcake@gmail.com

"Don't Wear out your fox!"

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The last human on Earth embarks on the greatest challenge of all: High school.

This is obviously not him, by the way.

The Future Ain't What it Used to Be

By **Cory Doctorow** (doctorow@craphound.com)

Science fiction writers can't help but write about the present. No matter that you try to prognosticate about the future, you end up writing about the biases, fears and hopes of the world you inhabit.

Here's an example: William Gibson coined the term "cyberspace" in 1982, describing a virtual "place where telephone calls happened," depicted in his fiction as "bright lattices of logic unfolding across that colorless void." Gibson's cyberspace lived in the 21st century, but it had more to do with 1982 than 2012.

In 1984, just as Gibson's seminal Neuromancer was going to press, a hardware hacker named Tom Jennings launched Fido Net, a way for dial-up bulletin board systems (BBSes) to pass messages back and forth. Fido Net let each BBS spool up messages for other BBSes, then phone in whenever rates were cheapest to pass them on. Fido Net nodes passed messages on to other nodes to be delivered further down the line, in a robust and elegant fashion, so that messages could be delivered to almost anywhere in the world for free (the alternative? Telegrams, expensive long-distance voice calls, or leased lines).

Tom and I sat down for lunch recently. He's a skinny, pierced and tattooed punk engineer in his early fifties, a self-described "queer punk" who founded Fido Net in San Francisco. Tom told me wonderful war stories about those early days. So many of the standard fights seem to have survived the transition to Usenet, message boards, and then blogs and LiveJournal. Nothing new under the sun, right?

Wrong. There's one standard Fido Net flamewar that didn't make the transition: in 1984, Fido Net users would upbraid each other for being rude while "a guest" in their homes. When one FidoNetter called another FidoNetter a sack of spuds, the putative spud would get up in arms about being insulted "in his own home." While you're a guest, they'd say, you'll behave yourself.

"What?" I said. "They thought that BBS discussions happened in the room where the computer was?"

Tom nodded emphatically.

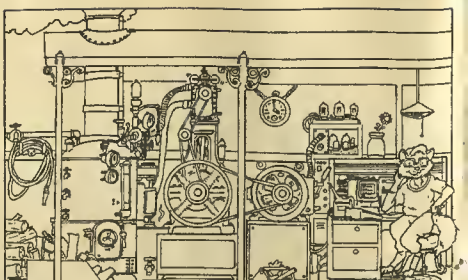
"But that's crazy!" Then I thought about it for a moment. Where *do* flamewars happen? "They didn't know the term 'cyberspace'!" We both nodded vigorously. That was it! The spread of the term cyberspace killed the "guest in my home" flamewar, because once we knew that term -- which, after all, described 1984, not 2054 -- we *knew* that flamewars didn't happen in our houses! They happened *out there*, in the notional network of pure ideas. It didn't have bright lattices of logic, but it had plenty of cyber, and plenty of space.

I first met Tom long after the founding of Fido Net, at a conference in a remote location near Silicon Valley. He was putting on a performance, a uniquely technological, Jennings-esque show. Tom hoards and restores antique computer equipment and that weekend, he showed up with a bunch of bar-bridge-sized tape readers and teletype printers, sheet steel devices that smelled of machine oil. He's prepared a biography of Alan Turing, the pioneer computer science, punched into a long roll of black paper tape. His homebrewed tape-reader had no uptake reel -- the tape went through the reader and unspooled onto the floor, all weekend long, until it made a waist high, snarled mountain of paper. The reader was connected to one of those bridge-sized printers, and all weekend long, it printed out the biography. When it was over, Tom threw away the tape. I saved a stretch of it, corresponding to an ASCII diagram of a Truing Machine, and I have it in my office, on the wall, to this day.

That solid bar-fridge of a printer, like the walnut, waist-high console stereos of my grandparents' rec-room, hearkened back to a gentler era, an era when technological change unspooled at a more genteel pace. Back then, it made sense to build a machine to last for ten years, twenty years, fifty years. Machine -- ploughs, log-splitters, printers, stereos -- were things of enduring utility. When a machine wore out, it should be because the owner opted to stop taking care of it, finally decided not to affix another new handle to the old axe. It shouldn't just seize up and die, shatter or shiver to flinders.

Today, it's hard to make a care for building stuff to last. iPods are finished with material that scratches if you look at it sideways -- put it in your pocket for five minutes and it looks like it's been in a rock tumbler for a month.

It's not as though we don't know how to make alloys that resist scratching -- I have a pocket full of change that's been grinding against coins and keys for years (decades in the case of my 1975 dime!) and they still look sharp.



But what would be the point of an iPod built to withstand the ravages of time? Remember those gen-one MP3 players, the size of a half-brick, able to hold a whopping two or three gigs? Keep one of those for ten years and it becomes an unwelcome houseguest, a relative who's overstayed his welcome. You want to be able to toss that overweight, underpowered brick in the trash 10-18 months after taking it out of the package without feeling the guilt that comes when you set a well-made, precision-engineered console Hi-Fi out at the curb, still smelling faintly of the Murphy's Oil Soap your family's been rubbing into it since 1965.

This is, I think, the great perverse joy of steampunk DIY projects -- taking disposable junk-tech intended to last for a year and putting it into an artisanal enclosure that stands in testimony to the artifice of the cabinetmaker, the metalworker, the leather-smith who worked together to turn this ephemeral technological moment into a lasting statement that could find its way into a museum some day.

What does it mean to live in a high tech era and be fascinated by the aesthetic of steam, the neo-Victorian maker look? It's neither futuristic, nor it is particularly nostalgic: rather, it tells us that today, in the present moment, we are practicing the mental gymnastics necessary to find something beautiful and exciting today and disposable tomorrow.

[Cory Doctorow's latest novel is *Little Brother* (www.craphound.com/littlebrother). This article was reprinted with permission from Make Magazine (www.makezine.com), O'Reilly Media, Inc.]

It's a Jungle Out There!

Join us at Anthrocon 2008 with our "Guest of OK" Disney Cartoonist

FLOYD NORMAN

Despite having been officially named a Disney Legend in October of 2007, Floyd is such a modest and unassuming man that he was reluctant to accept the title of Guest of Honor, so Anthrocon is pleased to welcome its first ever "GUEST OF OK." His modesty belies a career that has truly earned him a place in animation history. He was the first African American animator to work at Disney Studios, and has worked on classic Walt Disney animated features including The Jungle Book, Sleeping Beauty, and Robin Hood. In recent years he has worked on films such as Toy Story 2, Monsters, Inc., and more!

June 26-29, 2008

at the David L. Lawrence Convention Center in Pittsburgh, PA!

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Anthrocon

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Written by Xenos, and Charles 'Fox' Champino

I can't believe she thinks she can just order me around like this.
As 'IF' I where her book fetcher guy or somthin.
Hmm, lets see...
That book she wants has got to be around here somewhere.
...this looks like it
Grrrr!
I still can't believe her nerve.
I should like,... scratch it up or something
Let's see which page to make her pay with?
wow cool pictures
Steampunkish them, steampunkish me..
steam...punkish..
everything I see?
I wonder what it mea...
Crash!
POOF!
Ok...that was weird
...hmm...
other then the book floating, it doesn't seem to have changed anything.

character © 2008 Charles 'Fox' Champion

Trash Talk

By Charles "MattTrike" Matthias

"Hey, Mikkel! Come play soldier with us!"

The young Rottweiler glanced over the black cast iron structure with its numerous pipes and internal gears to see two familiar foxes dancing just on the periphery of the junkyard gates. In the distance beyond he glimpsed an Eskutian airship patrolling the mountains surrounding their valley. For a moment he wondered if anyone he knew served on the airship.

"Come on, Mikkel!" the younger fox cried. "Come play with us!"

Mikkel wiped his oily paws on his filthy apron and shook his head, triangular ears flopping from side to side. "I can't. I'm too close to finishing this!"

The fox brothers, Nolfi the elder and Ardas the younger, rushed into the junkyard laughing. The junkyard was full of cast off bits of metal, broken gears, smashed turrets, shattered wings, and any other bit of refuse the factories couldn't use to build their war machines. Most of it was stacked in piles around the fence-line where it could be refashioned later, but much of it was strewn over the hard-packed dirt comprising the junkyard. Mikkel lived with his mother and sisters in a little shack at the windward end so they wouldn't have to smell the rust, grease, and oil all the time.

Nolfi and Ardas ran around his contraption shoving and swinging at each other with wooden swords. They stopped when their green eyes beheld the steam engine attached to the cast iron contraption. Nolfi lowered his sword and scoffed. "You'd work on this? It's a piece of junk!"

Mikkel woofed at the foxes and stood akimbo. "It's not junk! This is a very delicate machine! Gimme a few minutes to finish my adjustments and you'll see." He turned back around, took his wrench from his tool belt, and wagged his tail as he tightened a screw. A few more twists and he'd have that spring loaded just right.

Ardas shuffled his paws through the dirt. "Why are you workin' on it, Mikkel?"

"Cause I'm gonna be a Tinker! And every Tinker needs to practice building things. This'll make sortin' the junk a snap!"

Nolfi yipped and kicked dirt at the Rottweiler. "You're not gonna be a Tinker! You're gonna be a Junker jus' like your dad! Tinkers gotta go to school and that costs money, my dad said so!"

Mikkel growled through his teeth, but finished tightening the spring first before looking at the foxes. While he was dressed in an oily apron and a pair of dirty trousers, the foxes had on clean clothes, both shirts and trousers. Nolfi even had a belt with a copper buckle! They may be his friends, but Mikkel hated it when Nolfi brought up money. The foxes had more than Mikkel or his family had ever seen.

"My dad is helpin' fight this war jus' like yours!" he barked back. He waved his wrench in one paw. "And he is too a Tinker, even if they won't call him that. He built all the machines 'round here. And I'm going to be a Tinker too. You'll see!"

"Our dad's a soldier," Ardas said, though he was young enough that he said it with pride and not malice. "He's gonna beat those cats outta the sky! Bang! Bang!"

"My dad's the one makin' sure your dad's guns are workin'."

Nolfi crossed his

arms. "Your dad is haulin' the wreckage away. My uncle told me so!"

Mikkel burned at the words, and he growled, claws digging into the dirt and in his palms. "Well, you go play soldier! I'm gonna be a Tinker!" He turned back around, slammed the panel shut, and moved to the next one.

The two foxes stood there for several seconds as he worked, switching one tool for the next, testing gears and pulleys to make sure they were from secure. He could hear them shift quite one paw to the other, neither said, sure what to do. Finally, Ardas "Whatcha buildin', Mikkel?"

Mikkel worked his wrench on a rusted screw, trying to loosen it but mostly getting red dust on his paws. "It's a junk compactor. You put the junk in the top and it gets squished and spat out that end."

"I guess that's tinkering," Nolfi admitted in a low voice. Mikkel could almost imagine him holding his tail between his legs.

"Can we help?" Ardas asked.

Mikkel felt himself relax and a smile creep up his jowls. "Sure. Come over and hold this wrench for me." Rottweiler's side. He wrapped two paws sword forgotten in the dirt behind him. his belt loop, but the chisel wasn't there.

"Here it is," Nolfi said. slight smile reaching his cheek ruff.

"Thanks!" Mikkel snatched the rust off the screw and around the Ardas let go of the wrench and Mikkel screw twisted in its threads. "There we go!"

"Sorry about... about what I said. Mikkel turned to Nolfi and sighed. screw and check one more spring and this Nolfi brightened. "Then we can play "Sure."

Nolfi dashed to the tool box and bent down his nice clean clothes. "Let me get a new screw How big?"

"Yay!" Ardas shouted and waved his sword in Five minutes later, Mikkel wiped his paws on his his tail. "It's done! Let's test her out! Grab some junk!" The foxes ran into the yard and came back with an arm load of broken gears, bent springs, and scrap metal.

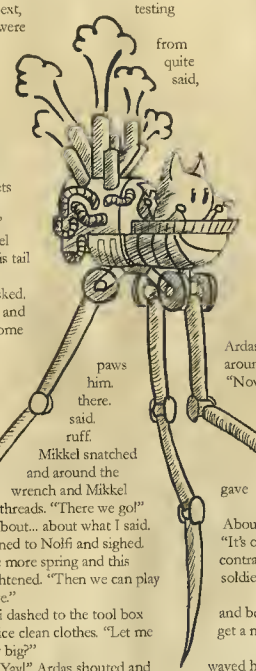
"Now dump it in the hole here. Not all of it!"

When they were finished, Nolfi had a pair of greasy pistons smearing his shirt, but everything else had gone in. Mikkel borrowed Ardas's wooden sword and marked an "X" in the dirt a few feet in front of the machine. "Okay, when I start her up, this is where the junk will go. Cover your ears, it's gonna be loud!"

Nolfi and Ardas hunkered down with paws over their ears as Mikkel grinned and barked in excitement. He rotated the crank on the engine as fast as he could. The pistons shoved up and down, churning and churning. The Rottweiler felt his fur warm and sizzle as the engine got hotter and hotter. And then, just when he didn't think he could take it anymore, the top shook like a quake and a jet of steam screamed out. The gears turned and the springs stretched. From the middle of his cast iron machine the metal squealed a sound so strident that both foxes yipped in surprise.

And then, as the noise died down, a hunk of metal shot out the end and smacked into a pyramid of empty barrels twenty feet away. The pyramid swayed for a moment before toppling in a hearty crash.

Continued on page 26....



Ardas jumped up and skipped over to the around the wrench handle, his wooden "Now I just need the chisel." He reached to

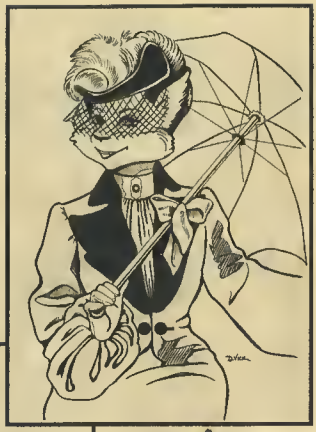
The fox held it out to the dog, a

the chisel and smacked base. At his signal, gave it another shove. The

About your dad." "It's okay. I gotta replace the contraption will be done." soldier?"

and bent down into the dirt with get a new screw for you, Mikkel!

the air. apron and wagged foxes ran into the



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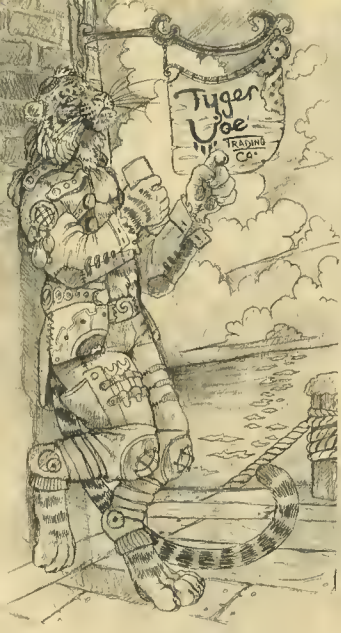

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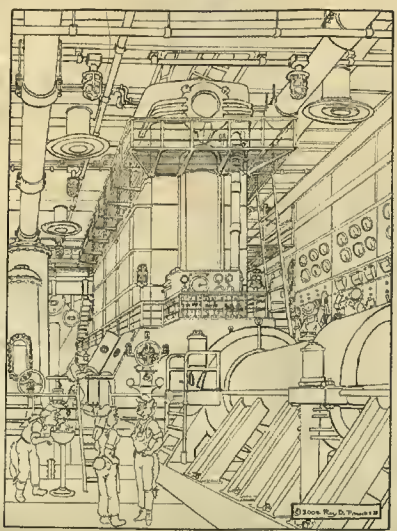

Fantasy Engine Room

Continued From Page 22..

All three stared at the pile in surprise as the engine continued to pipe steam every few seconds to relieve pressure. They turned and looked at each other. Mikkel shrugged. "A little off I guess."

Ardas jumped up and down and pumped his arms. "That was great! Let's do it again!"

Nolfi nodded, tail wagging furiously. "I've got some more here!"

"I'll get some more junk. Mikkel, you're the best Tinker ever!"

Mikkel blushed beneath his fur. He'd totally screwed up his calculations! He was going to be up all night figuring this one out. He looked at Nolfi who shoved the two greasy pistons into the top compartment. "Don't want to play soldier anymore?"

"Soldier. Bah! This is way more fun!" He glanced around the junkyard and pointed at a stack of half-destroyed skiffs. "Can we shoot them next?" Mikkel turned a crank and the machine swivelled. "All right! Hurry up, Ardas! I want to shoot the skiffs!"

Well, the Rottweiler assured himself, at least the machine sort of worked! A Tinker had to start somewhere. As his friends laughed and cavorted in the junkyard, Mikkel knew he'd started in the right place. He ran off after them, tail wagging, o grab more junk to shoot.

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Angela	Devon	Hospitality Lead
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Gabrielle Bombard	Kiara Moompanther	Theatrical Staff
Patrick Frost	Frosty Orca	On Site Engineer
Jazmyn Concolor	Jazmyn Puma	Fursuit Lead/Transportation
Mark Merlino	Sylys Sable	Media & Publications
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Hollis Stevens	BlackEyes	Security Lead
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Loring Cleaveland	Lestat	Security Staff
Shannon Strobel	Little Washu	Security Staff
Jean-Paul Allee	Ravenwolf Foxtrack	Security Staff
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Vicky Shapero	Clockwork	Security Staff
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